Brooklyn, July 10, 1834.

My dear George:

I dare not make a positive promise, as to the delivery of an address to my colored brethren in Providence, on Sabbath evening next; for my physical and intellectual energies are unstrung, and there is nothing special that impresses itself upon my mind, as worthy of being communicated to them. You need not, therefore, circulate any notice until my arrival. Perhaps we shall deem it best to make some other arrangement; and if not, by giving notice of my intention in the forenoon and afternoon, at the close of the services in the colored meeting-house, we shall doubtless be enabled to collect an audience. My address, if delivered, will be extemporaneous — and, of course, very simple and plain.

You may expect me on Saturday evening; and, fearing lest I shall offend you if I do otherwise, I shall comply with your kind invitation to stop at your dwelling — although I am afraid of really incommoding you. One thing quiets me — you know I am a plain man, and the more simple the treatment I receive, the better I am pleased. Receive me, then, not as a guest — not even as a friend — but as a brother.

Every thing in Brooklyn, at the present time, conspires to make my bliss as abundant and perfect, as it is ever the lot of erring and perishing man to receive. The garniture of the fields and hills is beautifully luxuriant — the perfume of the flowers is wafted upon every breeze — and every tree is decorated most gorgeously. — Every morning and evening, ten thousand birds, (I may exaggerate the number, but their multitudinous collection surprises me,) of various plumage and note, greet me with their fine voices, and pour forth a tide of melody almost overpowering. But there is one source of delight — one object of love, dearer to me than all those I have named above. You need no explanation.

This afternoon, we think of making a visit to Rowland Green. Yesterday, his son spent an hour with us, and I was pleased with his deportment and conversation. As I have not yet visited Prudence, we shall journey to Plainfield, via Canterbury. The Canterburians lately killed a cat, cut her throat, and hung her by the neck to Prudence's gate. To the victim, Requies-cat in pace — and to the perpetrators of the murderous deed, "You have added another black act to the long cat-alogue of your offences." The cat-astrophe will be duly chronicled, not dog-matically but cat-egorically.

All the members of the family are well. Helen desires to be specially and most affectionately remembered to you. Henry, we presume, will come home to-morrow. His absence makes quite a void.

With the utmost affection,

Your adoring brother,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Geo. W. Benson.

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Brooklyn Oct
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Mr. George W. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.